

THE
COTTAGE.

AN OPERATIC FARCE.

IN TWO ACTS.

BY JAMES SMITH. *K*



TEWKESBURY:
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LONDON: W. DODD.

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TO THE

Inhabitants of Tewkesbury.

THE Author of the following little Piece, begs leave to Dedicate it to the Inhabitants of Tewkesbury, from whose liberality he has already experienced so much satisfaction ; and doubts not but their candour will be equally exerted on the present production. Under the impression of that candour he ushers it to the publick ; and on that candour he rests its decision.

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he relies for decision.

AN OCCASIONAL
P R O L O G U E.

Spoken at TEWKESBURY.

TO You, who by sweet AVON's stream reside,—
In *penfive* THEOE's Town,—her choicest pride ;
Needs it our author makes excuses Here,
For ush'ring this his BIJOU to the ear :
Avona's banks are fam'd for lyrick laws,
And their inhabitants for—just applause.
Our Author, who has felt your gen'rous praise,
This debt from Gratitude, to Candour pays.

“ Damme—” perhaps some Bravo may exclaim,
“ What is this Farce, and what the author's name ;
“ It's some mechanick, and his farce damn'd low,
“ That his damn'd blackguard title plain will shew :
“ The COTTAGE !—damme, don't do things by halves,
“ But fill the stage at once, with cows and calves.
“ If one of Us, he'd scorn such vulgar passion,
“ And made his heroes, dashing Men of Fashion.”
Fly ye of Fashion, to your box and dice,
No scenes we paint to give a lure to Vice ;
From Virtue's field his sketch our author drew,
In hopes to please Morality and You.

“ Dear me !”—perhaps, some Country Miss may say,
“ Well ! I'm determin'd on't, I'll see this play ;
It's so romantic, and the thought so pretty,
“ Well ! the dear author must be won'drous witty :
“ For love's not suited to the city's strife,
“ As ev'ry lover love's a cottage life.
'Tis true, that love unmix'd with mad desire,
The chaste devotion, and th' extatic fire,
Flies far from cities and from courtly noise,
To Contemplation and Reflection's joys,
Our author, therefore, chose the humbler part,
To shew the passions undisguised by art ;
And, if his characters gain praise from you,
From pure conviction they derive their due ;
From this conviction, this sincere regard—
THAT SOLID VIRTUE IS IT'S OWN REWARD.

PROLOGUE



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Old Wentworth.	Charlotte.
Restley.	Louisa.
William Lorrimore.	Patty.
Robin.	

Gentlemen, Sportsmen, &c.

THE
COTTAGE.

ACT I.

SCENE—*The Lawn of a Gentleman's Country Seat, with a distant View of the Mansion.*

TIME—The Dawn.

Enter WILLIAM and others prepared for Sporting.

GLEE.

NIGHT's sleepy curtain's half undrawn,
And waken'd Nature greets the morn ;
Man should like the grateful plants,
Use the gifts his Maker grants ;
To the stubble let us speed,
Where the coveys use to feed ;
Health and pleasure, peace of mind,
In the woods and fields we find ;
Away, away, to the sports of the fields,
Mankind should use what Nature yields.

William. To day being Miss Charlotte's birth day, your master intends to dedicate it to the sports of the field. So Tom do you go to the black wood with the spaniels ; and Anthony you wait with the long dogs at the corner of the chace close ; and Will, you and Harry take the grey crop and the old mare and meet your master and us at the broom-field, to mark for us ; so away to your several occupations. *[Exeunt.]*

WILLIAM Solus.

This is my Charlotte's birth-day ; and smiling must have been the morn on which she first drew breath, to hail the

coming of so sweet a fair.—To be sure this same love is a comical composition in the human frame. Who would have believed that Sir Harry Lorrimore's heir should be transformed by it in the space of six months into the shape of a game-keeper. There is one consolation however, he will not be the first who has made himself ridiculous for a woman. She is a charming accomplished girl, with a mind as brilliant as her person; and did she know my real situation, I have little fear of approbation. The old gentleman has taken a great partiality to me; for knowing his propensity to the sports of the field, was my inducement to adopt the situation of a gamekeeper; but this Restley continually disturbs me; he seems to suspect me. However, I do not fear his obtaining my Charlotte's hand, as I have sufficient matter within my information to impede his plans.—

Enter WENTWORTH and RESTLEY.

But here he comes.—

Wentworth. Well, William, we have got a fine morning, how is the wind? We must mind that for our dogs, William.

William. In a good corner it must be, Sir, since it has so soon brought me the pleasure of your's and Mr. Restley's company: but I began to apprehend you had overslept yourself, Sir.

Wentworth. No, no, I never sleep much when there is game in view; do I Tom?

Restley. No indeed, Sir; for I really thought that you intended to keep us up all last night, to be sufficiently early at the sports of the morning.

Wentworth. William, you must know that to-day is my daughter's birth-day, and therefore I am determined to have plenty of sport; and when we return, William you shall be our companion for the night.

William. I thank you, Sir, and beg leave to congratulate you on your daughter's accession of years; and if virtue can prolong a life, her's I am sensible, Sir, will attain its latest stage. But the day draws on apace, Sir; I will if you please go beat yon stubble and return to you, and then we'll take the beat you yesterday proposed, Sir.

Wentworth. Well, go William, and we will wait here for the gentlemen I asked to join us. [*Exit William*] Restley, I think there is something extraordinary in this young man.

Restley. His deportment is much above the cut of a gamekeeper, I must own, Sir.

Wentworth. And then his language, he has wit at will; I should sooner have taken him for a gentleman than a gamekeeper; why the fellow is neater set than half your town-bred gentry. Nay, damme, Tom, I don't know whether they mayn't say that the gamekeeper is more gentlemanlike than his master.

Restley. You seem partial to him, Sir.

Wentworth. Partial to him? ay, that I am, Tom; and the dog shall never quit my service, unless he runs away from good cheer and a hearty welcome.

Restley. Pray, Sir, how came he into your service, and how long may he have been with you?

Wentworth. Been with me, why these six months; he was recommended to me by Squire Newcome, him from Nottinghamshire, as the son of a decayed farmer, that is all I know about him. And the fellow has so ingratiated himself with all the family, that I believe if he were to quit us, there would not be a dry eye in the whole house, no, not so much as with a family rat, Tom.

Restley. Are you sure he is a farmer's son, Sir; what farmer could afford to give a son the education you must perceive he has had, Sir?

Wentworth. What farmer? Why, let me tell you, Tom, there is many an English farmer who could buy out a nobleman, ay, and do honour to nobility.

SONG.

E'er yonder oak so proud in air,
Obtain'd a sapling's height,
An aged farmer plac'd it there,
An acorn to the sight.

Who gain'd an ample store with bliss,
Enjoy'd it whilst alive ;
That aged farmer taught me this—
“ An honest man shall thrive.”

Refley. But still, Sir, do not you think that there may be some imposition in him ?

Wentworth. A fiddlestick ; why, don't he shoot well ? don't he hunt well ? don't he ride well ? don't he manage his dogs well ? what the devil would you have of a gamekeeper, Tom ? Why, zounds man, was not it but the other day that he slipt the shoulder of a favourite horse in taking a gate and a sawpit, to save the horse of that little devil of a wife of your's that is to be, from running with her into a river ? And you must own, Tom, that he knows as much about game as any one.

Refley. True, Sir, but he may be beating after more game than either you or I are aware of.

Wentworth. What the devil are you after, Tom ?

Refley. Nothing, Sir, nothing ; perhaps, as being your gamekeeper, at present he may think himself authorised ; but when I have the happiness of calling Miss Charlotte mine, he may run some risk of being tried for poaching.

Wentworth. Psha, d'ye think she would be so simple as to have any thing to say to a fellow of a servant that is not worth a shilling.

Refley. I do not know that she might, Sir ; but I am confident that he has a partiality for her.

Wentworth. Nonsense, it's only because he sees that she is fond of the horses and dogs. I like to encourage an attachment to dumb creatures, Tom, it shews a humane heart.

Refley. True, Sir ; and I have often thought when I have seen a child sporting with a fly at a window, how gradually cruelty may become habitual.

Wentworth. Give me your hand, Tom, you deserve my daughter for that sentiment ; win her and wear her, I have given you my promise. I began to think you grew a little jealous, though Tom, I hate jealousy lad, it argues a suspicion of one's own abilities ; and take my word for it, Char-

lotte has too much sense to have any thing to say to the fellow.

Refley. But, Sir, supposing she should form a liking to him, Sir, merely suppose so, what would you say?

Wentworth. Say, damme, if I know what I should say; 'twould make me unhappy, Tom, and that Charlotte I am sensible will never do. And yet I must own, Tom, that I would sooner see my daughter enjoying her frugal meal with the man she loved, than begging her portion from a princely husband. But come, Tom, let us have no more of this, 'twill only make me sad, and to-day is dedicated to mirth and the sports of the field.

SONG.

The morning has clear'd,
See the sun no more red;
The mists disappear'd
As I rose from my bed;
From the rain which has fell,
The scent too will lie well:
What joys to the sportsmen the morning imparts,
Who draw with its air light content to their hearts.

CATCH.

Refley. Look to yonder stubble land,
See the pointers—dont they stand—

Wentworth. Yes, yes; 'tis Don has got the point—
And Dido how she backs.

Refley. The puppy does'nt mind it;
Yes now, now, now, he backs—
There, Tom has shot and kill'd—

Wentworth. Mark! mark! mark!
They're down in yonder field—

Together. Hark! hark! hark!

William calls.—Did you mark the birds

Yes, yes, yes, yes, we come.

Away, away, away; to the fields we repair;
Where pleasure and health chase the vermin of care.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE.—*Inside of a Cottage.**Enter LOUISA and PATTY.*

Patty. Well, who would have thought it now, that this Mr. William the gamekeeper to his honour, should be such a great man. But pray Ma'am, how came you to know him?

Louisa. His father was intimate with mine, and e'er my flow'ry paths of youth were firew'd with thorns, we both have prattled at their aged knees, peering in my father's face which then was all serenity and peace. But alas, Patty! to think that I alone have furrow'd his old cheeks with tears, and drawn down sorrows on his aged brows. Yet heaven knows me innocent, for e'er he won me to his false embrace, I thought the law had stamp'd a husband's right! Yet 'twas but a mockery of vows, and Restley triumphs in his guilt.

Patty. But, Ma'am, they say this Mr. Restley is to be married to Miss Charlotte, his honour's daughter; dear me he seems a handsome man.

Louisa. Were but his mind as perfect as his person, Patty, he then might boast the first of nature's forms; but he has a tongue which preaches virtue, whilst his heart lies brooding o'er deceit,

DUET.

Louisa. Why made upon the self-same plan,
With self-same passions, say—
Why tender woman, form'd for man,
Yet left to man a prey.

Patty. When the vile serpent gain'd his suit,
At the forbidden tree,
Then coward man partook the fruit,
But laid the blame on She.

Louisa. You say Patty he is going to be married; alas! that will cut off all my hopes. I still did think if he remained unmarried, remorse might one day strike him; and, should he

ever see the little offspring of our love, soften his heart to know a parent's tie.

Patty. Lord bless me, Ma'am! why, if I was you now I would go and tell Miss Charlotte all about him, and then I'm sure she would not have him; and I'm sure I'd plague him enough too. When Lord, Lord, you have done nothing since you have been here but sigh and cry over your little one; and then you ran away from your papa too, that you might not see him any more.

Louisa. No, Patty; I came hither with my father's consent, for there the sight of what he termed my guilt increased his daily woe, and every object seemed to mock my former happiness. May you, Patty, profit by the lesson of distress, and shun the snares the spoiler man would lay.

Patty. Why, Lord Ma'am, for all this I do think, if that Mr. William the gamekeeper, should offer to run away with me, I should jump into his arms.

Louisa. Fie, Patty.

Patty. Why, I would not die an old maid for the world; they say they are to be wrapt up in swaddling cloaths in the next world, and fed with pap spoons on old batchelors brains. Don't you think Ma'am, this Mr. William is a very handsome pretty gentlemanly looking man. [*to herself*] Well, Lord, Lord, now if I could but get him to have me, then mayhap I might come to be my lady. Old farmer Fallow's daughter my lady, what d'ye call 'em; and then mayhap I might have a coach, ay, a coach and six mayhap; with I don't know how many fine fellows for servants, well, I'd take our Robin to be one, that's what I would; and yet mayhap he'd tell as how he was my sweetheart once; oh dear that would never do, they'd wonder how I could ever speak to such a low bred fellow. Oh dear, dear, dear Mr. William. [*to Louisa*] Lord, Ma'am I beg pardon I vow, but I was so thinking of Mr. William, Ma'am.

Louisa. Patty you must avoid him, he is above your sphere, and should he ever make love to you, depend upon it, it is but to betray you.

Patty. He make love to me, Lord, I wish he would; I don't know what I should say to him, egad, I believe I should be so glad, I should be so glad, I should kiss him.

Louisa. Patty, I am really ashamed of you : but the miseries of others are seldom sufficient to warn us from encountering the same dangers. But I must attend to my little innocent. [Exit.

Patty. Ecod she thinks nobody is to have a man but herself ; if I was her, I'm sure I should not cry about it.

SONG.

I.

What a deuce and a plague would she have a girl do,
For in Nature I'm sure all things go two and two :
The dove and the turtle are constantly cooing ;
The blackbirds and thrushes as constantly wooing ;
Then why should a hold on me only be laid,
I won't, I'm determin'd on't, die an Old Maid.

II.

Some persons with cousins the greenward have trod,
And some have a footman to wait on their nod ;
I'm told 'mongst the great that each lady's her man,
And I'll have one too—that's to say if I can.
I'll have Mr. William, and, Lord who's afraid !
I won't, I'm determin'd on't, die an Old Maid.

III.

Let some squeamish Ladies now say what they can,
What care I for their stuff, who's 'fraid of a man,
As if he wou'd bite one, or beat one all blue,
He may be somewhat rude, and what else can he do ;
So whatever may happen, my vow I have made,
I won't, I'm determin'd on't, die an Old Maid.

[Exeunt.

SCENE.—A Garden.

Enter CHARLOTTE.

Char. Indeed this Mr. William appears a most extraordinary young man, they tell me that he sings and plays delightfully ; it is rather singular that a man with so many accomplishments should choose the menial situation of a gamekeeper. I do not

know whether it be that fancy wishes to delude my heart or not, but I am half persuaded that he is some gentleman in disguise, who would rather owe my esteem to his own perfections than seek a parent's interest to assert a claim; if so, how different his behaviour to that of Mr. Restley's, who seems solely to depend upon a father's right; and in my opinion there is not a comparison between the two, the one has all the civility of a courtier, and the other all the easy familiarity of a gentleman. If William be indeed but a farmer's son, what a satire upon rank are the accomplishments he possesses. This morning on my toilet I perceived this note. A song! and set to music too! what a poet as well as musician!—

SONG.

I.

Ye cherubs, whose office it is in the skies,
To undraw the curtain of night;
Disperse ev'ry cloud, and each vapour that rise,
To darken the radiance of light.

II.

Nay, more, to the light-giving orb some repair,
Collect from the Sun a bright ray;
And form it a ring that may flit on the air,
A Glory, to honour this day.

III.

Did you know the reason, you'd act unimplor'd,
Unask'd some memento would place;
The fam'd Golden Age is completely restor'd,
The birth-day of Virtue and Grace.

A gamekeeper, 'tis impossible! he every day puts forth some new perfection. [*Enter William*] Hence Restley, I disclaim thee [*turns and sees him*] Mr. William!

William. I hope Madam, I do not intrude upon your privacy; but virtue cannot be long concealed. Your father has commissioned me to inform you, Madam, that we have found a hare, and requests your company to view the course.

Charlotte. I thank him. Mr. William, but beg leave to decline his offer; for I could never experience a pleasure in

wantonly sporting with the feelings of a creature inferior to myself.

William. Would that nature Madam, had implanted the same sensibility in the whole of your sex. But now permit me to congratulate you, Madam, on your natal day, and may each succeeding year bring some new blessing to exceed the past.

Charlotte. I thank you, Mr. William; but pray inform me if I am indebted to your Muse for this elegant sonnet.

William. 'Twas but a feeble attempt, Madam, to express the gratitude of one who lives but in your service, and wishes but for opportunity to prove affection is not merely words.

Charlotte. Hey-day! why, Mr. William, pray where did you attain such high notions of gallantry? not at the *former's*, your father's, I believe, I have a great desire to know your history, Mr. William.

William. But little of novelty, Madam, have I to boast, further than my father lived respected for a while, 'till late a sudden turn of Fortune's fickle wheel o'erwhelm'd his aged frame; and though it has robb'd me of a parent, and a parent's wealth, it has proved a source of blissful joy in giving me a Mistress like yourself.

Charlotte. I see you wish to avoid the question, you don't answer me fairly, Mr. William; however I will not press you, perhaps a slighted love may be the real cause.

William. No, on my soul, Madam, I never felt that flame till now, and powerful as it is, I'd sooner hide my sorrows in the grave, than pain a virgin breast with vows so much beneath her.

Charlotte. Here Mr. William, I have long wished to make you some acknowledgment for the services you rendered me the other day in hunting; accept this trifle, 'tis a miniature of myself, [*gives a miniature.*]

William. Oh! Madam, how far you overrate my pains; but to possess a likeness of yourself, (even cold and lifeless as it is) exceeds the wealth of kings. I'll wear it, Madam, next my heart! whose throbbing pulse shall quicken with the gift.

Charlotte. Why, I declare Mr. William, you are quite in the heroicks.

William. Sincere as sinners at the hour of death! But whither have I gone, whatever I may have said, Madam, unfit for me to speak or you to hear (for still that custom rank should have its sway), impute it not to disrespect, but rather lay the weight of your benevolence o'er came the little reason of my soul.

Charlotte. Neither birth or fortune, Mr. William, shall usurp my heart; If haply ever I shall wed, the man shall first convince me of his worth. But I beg of you to leave me, Mr. William; our discourse may become too particular.

William. Madam, I obey; and, may he who would impose on the generosity of a woman, never partake of her favours.

D U E T.

I.

The wretch who'd seek to win a heart,

To see that heart distress;

Can never know the blissful part

Of "blessing to be blest."

II.

Char. Say, is it honour, wealth, or fame,

Which every Virtue gives;

Or, is it but with greatness, name,

That real greatness lives.

III.

Borb. Ah! no, within the labourer's cot,

True greatness oft we find;

'Tis not alone the rich man's lot,

'Tis seated in the mind

[Exeunt.]

SCENE.—*The Side of a Wood.*

Enter WENTWORTH, RESTLEY, Sportsmen, &c. in pursuit of Game; they halt and take Refreshment from a Servant's Wallet.

Wentworth. Come my lads, we have had good sport; and a sportsman should never starve his stomach, it unsteadies his hand; let us see what we have got. Where is William?

Restley. He went by your orders, Sir, to fetch Miss Charlotte to view the course; but it is so long since, that I fancy she must have engaged him on some other affair.

Wentworth. Tom, thou art perpetually plaguing thyself about that youth; if he was a duke's son with a title and fortune, you could not be more jealous of him.

Restley. And justly too, Sir; for were title and fortune to be his only recommendation, it would not give me a moment's uneasiness; but he has accomplishments, and Charlotte does not want discernment.

Wentworth. I tell you, you shall have her, so no more about him. Besides they tell me that he is fond of a widow lady, that has been some time at the Spray Cottage, Tom, at farmer Fallows, he is constantly there they tell me. God she's a fine creature. Tom: and if it was n't that she's grieved herself a'most to a skeleton for the loss of a fellow of a husband; there's few let me tell you of a better make; I often go there myself to see her, and nurse the little infant. It's a sweet child, and faith as like you as if it was your own: you haven't—have you, Tom.

Restley. Who! I, Sir! no, not I, Sir. [*Aside.*] Something forebodes me this is Louisa, I would not see her for the world; I could not meet her sight, and hardly as I have used her, I still perceive I love her.—What age may the child be, Sir?

Wentworth. About eight months, Tom; I've, often thought of asking her to come and live with Charlotte; we'll go and see her to-morrow, Tom.

Restley (aside). By heaven's 'tis she! my heart informs me that 'tis she; I heard that she was gone to reside at a cottage; she must have heard that I am going to be married. Heaven's!

if she discovers me ! I'll thank you to pursue the sport without me, Sir, at present ; I felt myself extremely faint just now, so I will sit here and rest a while.

Wentworth. Why, what the plague is the matter with you now, Tom ! Damme, you a'n't half fit for a sportsman. Come drink, Tom, drink ; and, gentlemen let's have a song.

C L E E.

Come, come, ye gunners take the fields,
Come taste the pleasures Nature yields,
Here he who toils with dogs and gun,
A joyful course of life shall run ;
Here health he gains with feather'd spoil,
And wealth, by learning how to toil.

II.

Come then and taste a country life,
Where void of care, and void of strife,
Void of pomp, and void of shew,
No one anxious hour we know,
We here have more to boast than courts,
Content presides at all our sports.

(Exeunt all but Restley, who continues sitting on the stump of a tree.)

END OF THE FIRST ACT.



now, I will be here, and tell a while.

ACT II.

Enter LOUISA from a Back Room.

Louisa. Sweetest innocent ! I have hush'd thee to repose ;
may'st thou never know the sufferings of thy wretched mother.

SONG.

I.

Dearest babe ! a mother's wailings,
Sha'nt disturb thy gentle sleep ;
May'st thou never know complainings,
May'st thou never know to weep.

II.

Had'st thy father (cruel hearted)
Known a tender parent's tie ;
Ne'er thy mother's tears had started,
She had never known to sigh.

III.

Sweet babe ! as if with reason gifted,
Often as I call him base ;
Thou, with little hands uplifted,
Seem to plead a father's case,

IV.

Though thy mother is forsaken,
A husband's arms she is deny'd,
There if ever thou be taken,
Tell thy father how she dy'd.

V.

Say she lov'd him though he scorn her,
Blest him though he prov'd untrue ;
Haply should he chance to mourn her,
Bid him shew remorse to you.

Enter WILLIAM as she is singing the last Stanza.

William. Dear Louisa! how it grieves my soul to see you thus: sorrows should not know so sweet a form. I come perhaps, the minister of comfort, to pour a balm into the wounded breast.

Louisa. Oh! Mr. Lorrimore! I have had such long acquaintance with distress, that sorrows seem of kindred to my soul. I have no friends——

William. Yes, but you have a friend, Louisa; and one who bleeds for your distress. I knew you e'er a villain stole within your father's house, and plunder'd forth the comforts of a family. But, believe me, Louisa, he shall not long triumph in his guilt. This day he either seals the vows he made to you, and yields pretensions to my Charlotte's hand, or else his body yields the infernal fiend that long has held the mansion of his soul.

Louisa. For heav'n's sake! for my sake! wave the rash design. No, let him live; perhaps, hereafter, justice may resume its seat.

William. Talk not of justice in a wretch like him. That man who brings unguarded virtue to distress, is more a villain than the needy youth who steals the small contrainments of a purse.—To-day I mean to throw off my disguise, and claim my Charlotte's hand. But fear not, Louisa; Restley, when he knows my rank and fortune, will shrink within his native nothingness, and easy yield to my commands: for conscious guilt unman's the roughest soul.—But I came to request, Louisa, should I bring Charlotte here, that you would not impute her visit to an idle curiosity; tell her freely all your tale; she has a heart that can sympathize with woe—but we are interrupted.

Enter PATTY, who places him a Chair, behind which she continues curtsying for some time.

Why, hey-day, Patty! what do you take me for; a nobleman or some other great man, Patty?

Patty. No, sir; indeed, sir; Mr. William, sir;—I only take you for what you are, sir.

William. (*Afide to Louisa*) Pray, Louisa, does she know who I am?

Louisa. Pardon me; I have informed her.

William. Well, Patty, since you know who I am, should you like to go home and live with me.

Patty. Live with you! dear me, that I would to the end of my days. (*To Louisa*) What a handsome gentleman he is, Ma'am! Well, only to think, that a gamekeeper should be a gentleman now!

William. But perhaps, Patty, now you think me a great gentleman, you won't be so free as when you thought me only the 'quire's gamekeeper; you won't let me kiss you now, Patty—

Patty. Oh! yes but I will; twenty thousand times as you please.

(*Springs into his arms and kisses him.*)

Well! I vow I never can bear to kiss Robin again.

William. Well, Patty, be a good girl, and attend to the admonitions of this lady, and I will do something for you. (*To Louisa*) Depend upon it, Louisa, Restley shall make you ample satisfaction. [Exit.]

Louisa. Alas! that force may only make his hate the more. —Patty, how could you be so simple: but danger seldom startles before it strikes. Here comes your friend Robin, Patty; so I will leave you together. [Exit.]

Enter ROBIN.

Robin. Well, Patty, how d'ye do?

Patty. Never the better for seeing of you.

Robin. Short and sweet—

Patty. Yes! and too sweet for such a fellow as you. D'ye think I'm to put up with such a dirty, ill-looking monkey as you are; no, indeed; I'm meat for your betters, I'd have you to know; so I beg you won't plague me any more, Mr. Robin.

Robin. Oh, ho!—what I suppose this is along with his honour's gamekeeper that I've told so much about. He's always coming after you now I find; yes, he's always here a'most, I've told.

Patty. Well ! and what o' that ! he shall come here whenever he pleases for all you—you ugly.

Robin. You had better not let me catch the fellow tho' ; I'd beat some o' his pretty speeches out o' him, I promise you.

Patty. Fellow, indeed ! he's a gentleman I'd have you to know ; ay, and could buy out twenty such jack'napes as you.

Robin. A gentleman ! 'whu, hu, hu ; a gentleman truly ; I'll gentleman him an I meet him.

Patty. Ay, a gentleman indeed is he ; with a huge estate too ; and I'm to be his lady, and ride in my coach and fix grey horses with white tails.

Robin. White tails ! I fancy they'll have no heads then ; more likely ride in a dung cart to see him hang'd. What ! and so he's been a telling you a cock and a bull story about all this, has he ; o' purpose to take you in : I wish his honour knew it, he'd turn him away directly, I know he would.

Patty. His honour turn him away indeed ! he's a better man than his honor any day, with a greater estate ; and his father's a sir, too ; down in I don't know what country.

Robin. I b'lieve not indeed ! the girl's bewitcht ; why, Patty, Patty, you a' lost your senses, Patty.

Patty. No I ha'n't.

DUET.

Go get you out of our house I say,
And I never wish to see you again :

ROBIN. Well, Mrs. Sauce, I wish not to stay ;
You may want me soon, but may whistle theⁿ.

PATTY. You fellow you, you're the plague of my life—

ROBIN. And who the devil wou'd have such a wife—

PATTY. Not you, I'm sure, for I won't be yours—

ROBIN. Whoever has you, a devil endures—

PATTY. Take that for your pains— (*bust him a slap on the face*)

ROBIN. You shall get your gains—

PATTY. Get out I say—

ROBIN. No, here I'll stay—

PATTY. I wish you'd a halter to make you stretch—

ROBIN. I'll twist your arm—— (*lays hold of her arm*)

PATTY. Lord ! you devil I meant no harm—— (*lets her go.*)
Go get out you ugly, ugly, filthy wretch——
[*Exit running.*]

ROBIN. The devil himself may be easy shewn—
But Woman's a devil that's never known.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE.—*The Wood as before.*

RESTLEY *seated.*

Restley. In vain I try to forget her. 'Twas base, 'twas cowardly to leave her ; she is mine by every sacred vow : but loss of fortune made me desperate, and glad to catch at any hold. Charlotte has money, yet still I love Louisa ; and, thoughtless as I am, it makes me sad to think what misery I have entailed upon a family. She was the old man's darling ; and, yet with his aversions to the match, I knew he would give her nothing. Then how could I support her, who had scarce a sufficiency to support myself. By heav'ns ! my brain is half maddened with my thoughts.

Enter WILLIAM.

William ! how dare you steal upon my privacy ?

William. Dare, sir ! I dare do any thing but what the laws of nature and of man forbid ; and would that every one could place his hand upon his heart, and say as much, sir.

Restley. What do you mean to banter me with looks, you scoundrel ?

William. Scoundrel I am not, sir : but he's a scoundrel who sweet innocence betrays, and draws down sorrows on an aged head.

Restley. What do you mean—

William. Mean, sir ! to chastize villany, and rescue virtue from distress.

Restley. Whence comes all this. Fellow ! know you ought of me ?

William. Yes ; more than fain I'd tell thee of. I know you

for a villain, in first seducing heav'nly worth, and then to leave her to the pangs of scorn.

Restley. Ha !

William. Know you, sir, the name of Louisa Stanley ?

Restley. And, what of that ?

William. By heav'ns ! there's guilt in fiery letters written on thy cheeks. How could you, Restley, meanly play upon a virgin's love, and then betray her in a husband's guise.

Restley. Fellow ! what right have you to question me ?

William. That right which Nature gives to all : a heart (but liken'd not to thine)—a heart revolting at deceit.

Restley. One more word, fellow ! and I'll knock my gun about your ears.

William. Peace ! come not within a lions jaw : for justice and a virtuous cause can bear down all before it. Restley, I am not what I seem. Tis true I wear a servant's garb, and why I do it be that my own. Yet know me, Restley, for the son and heir of Sir Harry Lorrimore, under whom your father gained the pittance you may boast. Here, Sir !—*drawing forth a brace of pistols, and giving one to Restley*—I come not as an assassin ; but injured worth shall be revenged, and you or I must fall. Take your ground, sir.

[*Restley continues sometime in agitation, then fires his pistol in the air, and open his breast to William.*]

Restley. Why don't you fire ? and ease a wretch of what he mostly loaths—the remnants of a life of misery.

William. No, Restley ; all may yet be well. I see remorse is struggling in your breast ; and tho' I seek a retribution at your hands, I scorn to add weight to a repentant mind.

Restley. Oh ; Lorrimore ! did you but know the half I feel, you'd pity me ; I still do love Louisa, and 'twas without design I first seduced her. I know her worth ; but how could I, with ruined fortune, support her as she ought to be, and as I vainly hope dher father would.

William. Here, Restley, swear that solely was the cause, and you'll receive her to a husband's arms, I'll make that fortune doubly what you've lost. The estate your uncle dispossessed

you of, together with his other lands, he has left to me ; and yesterday I received a summons to attend his funeral. These, Restley, shall be Louisa's portion : but she has a portion far above these worldly gifts—a heart that is formed for constancy and truth.

[Restley seizes one of William's hands and kisses it.]

Restley. Oh, Lorrimore ! what a wretch am I. Lead me to the injured lovely girl, and let me instant seal the marriage vow, for how can he who once betrays a trust, expect belief from virtue's ear !

William Restley, your hand ; henceforth I call you friend. we'll to the cot ; but first compose your spirits. To-day I mean to throw off my disguise, and ask my Charlotte's hand. You long must have perceived I love her, and 'twas to gain the approbation of herself I took the garb which now I wear ; and should I meet her virgin choice, you and Louisa shall partake our joy ; we'll live together in a friendly band, and oft descant with pleasure on the present hour.

DUET.

Though joy it is a foe to vanquish,
If honour bids contend ;
How further from the stroke of anguish,
To make that foe a friend.

RESTLEY. The hero thus you oft discover,
In fury's armour steel'd ;
Who when the heat of battle's over,
Bids mercy take the field.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE.—The Cottage.

ROBIN seated by the Fire Side, with a Pipe and Mug of Beer.

Robin. Plague take these 'tatoes, the rain won't let me take 'em up now ; so since Patty has prov'd so false-hearted, I must e'en comfort myself with some of Fallow's ale and a pipe. Well ! women, pigs, and poultry, they says, be never satisfied ; and, ecod ! I thinks so too ; for I'm sure Patty 'd take a mort to satisfy her. So I thinks I'll sing a song, that I mayn't think o' her ; but first I'll whet my whistle though.

SONG.

I.

When my day's toils are o'er, and the Sun ran his race,
 With a light cheerful heart I return to my place;
 In my old chimney corner, where seated so snug,
 With my pipe in one hand, at my side my brown jug;
 And there October ale boldly shewing its head,
 Full as white as my corn, when 'tis form'd into bread;
 Whilst my favourite dog, he partakes the fire's heat,
 And he pants and he blows as he lies at my feet.

II.

If a neighbour comes in he is welcome to share,
 Both my ale and tobacco, and all my plain fare;
 No great cares have I ever my pleasures to cross,
 I have met with few troubles, and seldom a loss;
 And though small are my gains, I nor borrow nor lend,
 And thus erst keep enow for myself and a friend:
 Could the rich say the same, Oh! how happy they'd be,
 But the rich with their cares a'n't so happy as me.

And there's an end on't; and so, Mrs. Patty, an' you won't ha' me, I won't ha' you; then we may e'en shake hands and part. This gamekeeper runs so in her head, that I fancy she'll never be easy 'till she's got him somewhere else. They say a deal about this fellow, but, ecod! I sees nothing in him more than other folks; only, he understands lingo they say. [*Somebody knocks*] Who's there? come in can't you—

Enter CHARLOTTE.

What, Miss, is it you?

Charlotte. Yes, Robin.—Is the lady within?

Robin. I b'lieve as how you'll find her, Miss, where she's always to be found, watching her babe as a dog does a bone; why, she's as fond of that devil's brat, Miss, as thof maister Restley had proved never so true.

Charlotte. As what? Is Restley, then, the cause of all her woe? My heart has long forewarned me, Restley knew

the arts of cunning ; hypocrisy is stamped upon his smile—a smile of service more than pleasure !

Robin. Yes, Miss ; and ill as Patty has used me, I can't help thinking what a sad thing it is to deceive a poor girl. I'm sure that William, his honour your father's gamekeeper, Miss, ought to be ashamed of himself, that he ought. I wish his honour knew all about it, he'd turn him away, I know he wou'd,—to come to ruin a poor girl so.

Charlotte. What do you say, Robin ? Do reach me a chair, I'm very faint ; I wish I had not walk'd so far—

Robin. (*Gives her a Chair.*) Lord bless me, Miss, I beg your pardon, do sit down, Miss ; but I was thinking so much of Patty's falseheartedness, that I forgot to ask you to sit, Miss.—To tell her a story about his horses, and his lands, and his firship ; I wish I were to meet him, I'd fir him, I warrant him.

Charlotte. Robin, I wish you would send Patty to me ?—I'm not very well.

[*Exit ROBIN calling Patty.*]

Make love to a girl like this—it is impossible ! there is a native dignity about him would keep him from so low a choice : yet, what Robin says perplexes me ; to talk about his horses and his lands—I know not what to think !

[*Enter PATTY and ROBIN.*]

Come hither, Patty !

Robin. (*Pushing her forward.*) Go along can't you. Ecod, Miss, I'd nation work to get her to come ; she thinks herself her ladyship a'ready. Do see how she's doizen'd up, Miss.

[*Patty dressed very fine, stands curtsying, looking alternately at herself and Charlotte ;—then exclaims—*]

Patty. Well ! I do think i'se as fine as she !

Charlotte. Why, Patty, is your brain turn'd, child ? What is the meaning of all this ?

Robin. Why, its all along with that fellow of a gamekeeper, Miss ; with a murrain to him.

Charlotte. Come hither, child ! What is it he has been telling you. Robin says, he has been deceiving you. How is it, Patty ?

Patty. No, that he ha'nt; and, Robin may be ashamed of himself for meddling with his betters. He said, as how I should go home and live with him; and, Mrs. Louisa has told me as how he's a great gentleman with a huge fortune; and I'm to have I don't know what fine things. Well! when i'se a lady, I'll be drest so fine!—and how well I does look now— [*Walks about for some time surveying herself, then she and Robin continue in side play.*]

Charlotte. I do not know if what I have heard ought to give me most pain or pleasure: I feel a something at my heart, that warns me of some great event.

SONG.

I.

Thus trembling, throbbing, beating high,
My swelling heart a something nigh
Forebodes, and anxious pants to know,
Whether 'tis joy, or grief, or woe.

II.

And thus the shipwreck'd sailor tost,
When round tremendous billows roar;
Will trembling press the desert coast,
Though tigers meet him at the shore.

Enter WENTWORTH, as if driven in by a Storm.

Wentworth. What, Charlotte, my girl, are you here? Was you driven in by the storm too?—I wonder were Restley and William are. Zounds! I fancy they are petticoat hunting, they are so damn'd long on the scent. Faith, my girl, you must give a sharp look out after that husband of yours, that is to be—

Charlotte. That, sir, if you mean Mr. Restley, shall never be, whilst virtue, like Louisa's, suffers from his art.

Wentworth. What do you mean, girl?

Charlotte. Patty and Robin, sir, I believe, can give you some further information; in the mean time I will retire and learn the particulars from Louisa's self. [*Exit.*]

Wentworth. Well, Robin! and what do you know of Mr. Restley?—Speak lad, speak.

Robin. I knows nothing, your honour, but what I've heard Patty say concerning him. Patty! tell his honour, can't ye, what you have heard Mrs. Louisa say of that brat there, that she has had by him.

Patty. I wish as how, Mr. Robin, you wou'd go and mind your plough, and not come a teasing me. I'll tell his honour how you plague me.

Robin. And I'll tell his honour about that gamekeeper o' his'n, —that I will.

Wentworth. Hey-day! why, what the devil is all this? I believe some witch has been riding on a whirlwind; here's nothing but wonders, Anthony killed a white hare to-day; and, so I suppose, I am to wait 'till Charlotte has learnt all from this widow here; well! well! But, Robin! when are you and Patty to be married? I have promised you a cow and a brace of ewes remember.

Robin. Why, an' please your honour, I don't know; for she's got all a'gog after that gamekeeper o' yours; he's told her as how he's a gentleman, and she is to go along with him.

Patty. And so he is, as good a gentleman as ever trod shoe-leather, your honour.

Wentworth. Hey-day! what other wonders! Next I suppose I shall be found to be a gipsy, and tell fortunes about the country for broken victuals. I knew the two dogs were fond of game, but didn't suspect them of poaching on those warrens neither—But here they come!

Enter WILLIAM and RESTLEY arm in arm.

Why, damme, you dogs, you are both suspected here of poaching. Tom, they say, you have got a breed by the bargain. Why, what the devil makes you stick so close together—you dont hunt in couples, do you?

William. If, sir, she has been, as they term it, ruined, and justice for a while forsook its course; I hope as yet to salve the wounds misfortune has imprinted.

Robin. There, your honour, he owns he has ruined Patty.

Patty. No, but he ha'n't, you filthy—I'm a maid as well as the best o' 'em,

Wentworth. Why! what! is it true then, Tom? William?—what the devil—why—

Enter CHARLOTTE and LOUISA.

Restley runs and clasps Louisa in his arms.

Restley. Oh! thou lovely injured girl! how shall I, repentant as I am, look up to you for pardon, Heaven and this generous youth have brought me back to reason. Yes, Louisa! if a heart truly sorrowing for its errors past, may be received by you, let every rite that marriage can enforce, watch over it. Henceforth my life shall be one great atonement for my guilt to you.—Look up and say you pardon me!

Louisa. Oh! Restley, this o'er-pours my feeble soul; 'tis joy unlooked for: all my sufferings have been light as air, thus ended by this ray of joy. Oh! Lorrimore! thou excellent young man!

Wentworth. What, William! are you to be transformed too?

William. Not unless this lady, fir, will accept the hand of William Lorrimore—Sir Harry's son and heir; whom that lady, fir, and Restley, can satisfy you that I am: and, if my Charlotte shall approve my choice, why I took this garb, shall be the happy theme of many an after hour,

Patty. (*bursting into a flood of tears*) A'n't I to be my lady what d'ye call 'em, after all; you said you'd take me home with you—that you did.

William. We have many of us, Patty, been in errors, but this hour I hope concludes them all; accept of Robin, Patty, and your dower shall be a thousand pounds. Now, madam, (*to Charlotte*) to you, as to my judge, I yield my cause, but be my sentence that of—love.

Wentworth. Come, Charlotte, I know you like him, so e'en say you'll have him; I'm sure he's done enough to win you; he'd like to a' had his neck broke for you, and that's more than I'd a' risked for the best of you.

Charlotte. Your commands, fir, shall ever be obeyed.

Wentworth. Well! William! I shan't lose my gamekeeper
I hope though—shall I?

William. (taking Charlotte's hand) No, sir, for here is game
I'll still preserve—preserve it with my life—the sweetest bird
in nature's ample field, and here she stands—A Bird of
Paradise.

FINALE.

WILL. Ye thoughtless that marriage deride,
Here reflect on your being's great end;
Like me, take your King for your guide,
Be a husband, a father, and friend.

CHORUS.

Then sprightly the musick shall play,
The village shall ring with delight;
Since love has made choice of the day,
So musick shall fill up the night.

REST. Ye sportsmen who run down the fair,
To ruin and shame in the race;
Did ye but sensibility share,
Ye'd scorn so unequal a chase.

CHOR. Then sprightly the musick shall play, &c.

WENT. Ye parents whose daughters have stray'd,
From virtue's fair path, unaware;
Think how by your soft'ring aid,
You oft may retrieve the lost fair.

CHOR. Then sprightly the musick shall play, &c.

WILL. And now should our friends but approve;
Be their soft'ring smiles to us lent,
This Cottage shall happily prove,
The sweet little Cot of Content.

CHOR. Then sprightly the musick shall play, &c.

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